This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

48. 674.

GATEAUX
D'ENFANTS

THE NATURAL HISTORY

OF

TUFT-HUNTERS

AND TOADIES.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. G. HINE.

LONDON: D. BOGUE, FLEET STREET.
MDCCCXLVIII.

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA

PREFACE.

its practical form communicated knowledge, around which the little boys of the metro-

[illegible] for the what
the top of the great column.

A great many persons dislike
Serenaders, the scenery at the
Theatre, and the farces at tl
Some very good people have a
testation for Joinville ties, halfp
packets, "gents," and amateur p
at the Olympic; and there are
spectable persons who shun railw
tors, Cheap Clothing Marts, and
apples. We do not affect sing
have our antipath[illegible]

and are aware that "Tuft" means a nobleman, and "Tuft-hunter" a hunter after noblemen at the university. For as every class must

have its badge in a well regulated community, there is as much necessity for a gilt tassel to distinguish a nobleman from a scholar,

that Tuft-hunting is confined to O
Cambridge. Quite the contrary; Tu
are sent thither ready made, and
their name and their victims in tl
sities. This practice is as universa
other species of "humbug;" and sinc
is as easily found in an inscripti
Pharaohs at Memphis, or at the s
Pompey's pillar, as in "French in si
or "a new political romance by th
of ———," so Tuft-hunters, like
every species, spring up and ripen

Walk down the streets of London, and they are almost as great a nuisance as the wood-pavement, or the milliners in Cranbourn alley of old. Some of them stare you into stupefaction, and others, if you know them, oblige you with a nod of so doubtful a character, that you remain uncertain whether to acknowledge and return the salutation, or kick the person who offers it. There is the Tuft-hunter in full feather, dressed out like a fashionable *pose-plastique*, and there is the seedy Tuft-hunter, dressed like a poet, and looking as if he had been to the gallery of her Majesty's theatre to hear Jenny Lind the night before. Enter the shops, and you see Tuft-hunters on both sides of the counter, and it is difficult to tell which are most obsequious to their Tufts, or insolent to the rest of the world. In Bond street, we find riding Tuft-hunters, in Regent

...-house, and we find the
cigar-smoking, do-anything
force. Go to Pimlico, and w
Tuft-hunters, who make calls i
and Cadogan place, and talk o
Grosvenor. Enter the Parks,
specimens of all the specie
together, and each plying trade
"line." There, especially, you
perfumed Tuft-hunter on a l
three quarters out of his sadd
talk to Lady Divinella Curric
forward

with the expectation of finding a mere lampoon upon our universities, will be agreeably (or disagreeably) disappointed: and they will find that we, having roamed through nations of men and kingdoms of pen and ink, and having, unlike the knights-errant of old, discovered our monsters, shall forthwith proceed to drag them from their security, and kill them—on paper, to the best of our ability.

THE NATURAL HISTORY

OF

TUFT-HUNTERS.

CHAPTER I.

OF TUFT-HUNTERS IN GENERAL.

WHEN this most unfortunate race of mortals was proposed as a subject for our pen, we felt inclined to weep heartily at the task, and to leave the wretched troop of Tuft-hunters to the mercy of some writer possessed of more gall, and a larger assortment of iron pens than ourselves. But

Surface, "of a communicativ
we determined to lay our ex
its results, before the eyes of th
ration.

The Tuft-hunter is a creatu
not actual, existence; and is, the
anomalous and uneven animal
In the general run of society he
rated "bore," and partakes of t
most different and dissimilar cl
manners he is partly gentleman
and struts with an ample disp
assumption, while he betrays a m

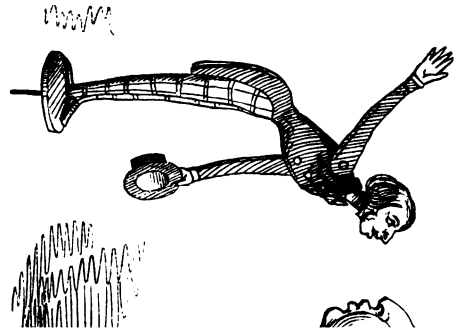
the fire, so our Tuft-hunter is a nuisance, if not a bully, in middle-class society, but collapses into a very *figurante* of complaisance in presence of the dreaded Tuft.

His most leading characteristic is an entire freedom from anything like a taste or opinion of his own. We have heard Tuft-hunters praise the Wellington Statue, and declare Westminster Bridge perfectly convenient and useful, simply because their Tuft had said so in the House the day before. We have heard thousands of Tuft-hunters express their implicit confidence in the New Poor Laws from a like reason; and we even know some of that unhappy species, who admire the architecture of Buckingham Palace. But of this hereafter.

The talents of the Tuft-hunter are doubtless great—in their way, but his perseverance is much greater. One of them has assured us on his honour (and we believe it on *this* occasion) that he was ordered out of the room twenty-

asked him to dinner, and, in the most bland and condescending manner, borrowed fifty pounds. Our acquaintance lent it with the most rapturous delight; but as he took care to tell all his friends of the condescending behaviour of his Lordship, he was, in a few years, ruined by similar loans. He now looks very seedy, and dresses more so, but yet finds a melancholy satisfaction in the consciousness of having lost his money aristocratically; for it is a strange fact, that although men seldom impute their good deeds or fortune to the influence of society, they are most liberal in charging it with the weight and blame of their vices or misfortunes, and find that to moralize upon the influence of the world is a comfortable salvo for the little command they possess over themselves.

Although Ben Jonson has written enough on "Every man in or out of his own humour," we much doubt if any five-act play, even of the Elizabethan length, would include all the



swelle yawns, he immediately twitches his muscles, and writhes in all the pride of being permitted to yawn in company with a lord. Then, if Viscount Listless, being facetiously disposed, should abuse anything or anybody, even if it be his own nearest relation (Tuft-hunters never have friends), he laughs heartily at the fun of the thing, and wonders how he ever came to feel affection or respect for what a lord despises.

The same spirit of imitation leads him to dress "at" every nobleman he sees; and we well remember a very dazzling specimen of the breed, who informed us that his waistcoat was cut out of the very same piece with that of the Duke of Truffles, that his coat, (or whatever it was, whether horse-cloth, paletot, or rug,) was made after the last Parisian cut, as introduced by Lord Cutemoute, and that his boots were fellows to the last new pair of the Right Honourable Archibald Pinchumme.

His position in society is even more doubt-

...ork, unless it be for some purp
own. He seems to hang between
of society, never ascends, but
down; or, if he do make a momen
his progress only resembles that o
issuing from the clay pipe of son
practitioner in science, which swell
but becoming too big for itself, and
for the surrounding atmosphere, l
dissipates.

Nothing shows the contemptible
the Tuft-hunter more than the im
of getting any man to avow himsel
public. Jonathan Wild Jack Sh...

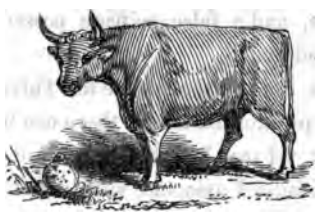
and private sneers of the old and worn-out peer, or the green and budding profligate of nobility, it calls to our mind the memory of a rich grocer, who got knighted, took a house of unexampled height, and commenced the profession of gentleman by cutting all his former acquaintances, for fear of meeting them when he had a duke or an earl upon his arm. The friends were quickly lost, but the dukes and earls were never found.

In fact, the largest number of Tuft-hunters springs from the hot-bed of traffic—where gold is sown in the pockets of greenhorns and country cousins, and reaped tenfold by the speculator—London. The rich *parvenu*, exulting in his new-made greatness, which beseemeth him as much as a decent suit of clothes becometh a "gent," struts forth with "Baronet" ticketed on every look and gesture, an "plum" written on every smile. But still he has not reached the height of things; his *neighbours are* only what he was; they must-

... ingenuity. No, he
old associates, and turn Tuft-h
what does he gain by this? Is he
man than before? Assuredly not
tradesman, a dealer in self, a wh
fligate of his own character, a ban
putation, and a false coinage pas
upon society.

What, then, is the motive for Tu
If this question be asked, there can
answer: "I may be taken for a lor
man, because I associate with such
as great a mistake as reading a
Eugene Sue for amusement. A —

like its great parent Humbug, is not confined to class or country, we will forthwith lay before our readers a description of some forms, under which Tuft-hunting and Tuft-hunters are most frequently developed.



CHAPTER II.

OF TUFT-HUNTING FAM

UR friend, Sawduste, his lovely nish a cho of a hous hunters. Jeames le to nobl

able Adolphe Auguste Fribble standeth by, and sayeth, "Bra—vo," and thinketh of the

thousands which chink in her father's pockets, *and his own* debts on the turf. Meantime,

We called upon them one day, and were really diverted at the strange mixture of affected fashion and real vulgarity they exhibited. At our entrance, the footman honoured us with a fixed stare, and having, in King's Bench *parlance*, "taken our portrait," for fear of our clandestinely removing the hall chairs and umbrella-stand, he stared next at our card; much scandalized at finding it was neither a lord nor an earl, he tripped up stairs with prodigious celerity. After we had waited sufficiently long to feel *that* "marble halls," however some people

..., the aristocratic pa
man returned, and with a slight u
of collar and manners, ushered us in
much too large to be comfortable,
with furniture which had been boug
because it was expensive, and reco
by the Countess of Druggetsfield.

After conversing a great deal abou
for ten minutes, the Tufts were in
with a most delicate touch of scienc
most amusing affectation of accident
tioning the names of great people.
your pardon, Sir," says the wife, "but
allow me to answer a slight note fr...

conceive a quieter way of informing visitors that you are acquainted with a Chief Baron, a Ladyship, a Lord, and a Duchess. Even the old tricks of a pier looking-glass stuck with cards procured from a stationer's, and a salver to carry in the tradesmen's bills, must yield to this graceful aristocracy *per accidens*.

The letter, the Chief Baron, the Ladyship, the Lord, and the Duchess being dispatched, our hostess proceeded to entertain us with an enumeration of the different presents of hot-house grapes, pine-apples, French clocks, and sweetmeats sent by herself to all the nobility that would accept them. She then launched out into a pleasing description of the juvenile wit of the heir-apparent, who was *so* exclusive in his society at Eton! Poor boy: we afterwards found that his mates were the exclusive party, and that he was the excluded.

At length, the house was thrown into an awkward and graceless confusion by a most

Floretta upset the inkstand u
white ground of the carpet, i
another; Lady Sawduste disc
turban, her lapdog, and herself w
start, and Sir Jeames shuffled to
tried to look unconcerned and s
But that was in vain—the Count
Wells had arrived, in compan
charming daughters, and the
Loveticque, whom she had "tak
the perfumer's opposite. Findin
with our quiet dress, plain manner
rance of the Peerage and Drawing
likely to

was a respectable man with a government situation worth seven hundred a-year, nine children, a governess, and a ten-roomed house. There are a great many such in the world, very good people in their way, but generally "slow" and unpretending. Mr. Chandos Fitzwilliam Davenport Jones was neither; he kept a "turn-out," dined with a Lord, a very distant relation, twice a year, and christened all his children after the most fashionable names of nobility. In fact, he seemed anxious to wash out the bitter name of "Jones" by a thick layer of aristocratic Christian names, and, as a necessary consequence, half the world could neither write, read, nor spell half the epithets of the Jones family.

Mr. Chandos Fitzwilliam Davenport Jones was sitting in a "too luxurious easy chair" when we entered. He rose, and received us with a bow savouring strongly of Pecksniff and Walter Lacy. His lady made a languid

iad lost the recipe given her by Lady
The elder daughters were picking an
lress to pieces, in order to convert it i
:ushions for a fancy fair, and the youn
were tearing up an old Peerage to ma
natches. From the yawning of the
:oncluded that a family lecture was g
and we were right.

In fact, Master, we mean Mr., De
Plantagenet Jones, the eldest, and ho
of the family, was going to college
day, and every member of the Jone
felt themselves bound to give him so
advice on his bearing in the little

and invite them at Commemoration; his mother, who had been reading "Lays of a young Jesuit," by a *popular* preacher, besought him to beware of the Pope and Maynooth; but all agreed in exhorting him to keep

Tuft-hunter at once—how he succe
that capacity, will be seen in our next

CHAPTER III.

OF AN UNIVERSITY TUFT-HUNTER.

UR young gentleman was now arrived at college. In the course of the journey he had forgotten the best part of the advice he had received, but resolved to dress well, and associate with noblemen. In a place where the tailors "tick" to *eternity*, the first of these proceedings was

many waistcoats as his tailors
terns, and had a coat to match
nobleman in the university.

But about the second point th
siderable difficulty. It is not fas
out of the university, for men
another on the back, and "old
"old boy" one another in the sp
weeks. A much shorter time, i
quisite for a friendship on the sta
reflect how soon that is broken,
the truth of the old objection to
ships in general.

man on his staircase, as of the approaching terminal examination at "Collections." But there is no knowing what human perseverance will achieve when the purpose is improper. By dint of breakfasts, suppers, cigars after breakfast, and throwing the plaster effigies of popular characters out of his window, and other whimsical habits, our young "gent" began to seem a "fast" man. This, though no recommendation to his tutor, was eagerly appreciated by some aristocratic heroes of his very "small" college, and he at length was completely "stodged" by a real *bonâ-fide* Tuft asking him to breakfast. Although this Tuft was of late creation, and had more of the blood of Smithfield in him than of the Plantagenets or the Conqueror, yet he was a Tuft, and that was sufficient.

But our Tuft knew too well what his nobility had cost his grandfather, to be at all disposed to retail it at a cheap rate, and his con-

them with a fixed stare, lest they sh
tempted by his condescension to gro
liar.

Our young Tuft-hunter was now a
animal, an ill-digested mixture of ge
and footman. Sometimes he thought

troublesome to be patronised, but then he resolved to satisfy his feelings by patronising every body else. The consequence of this was a summons from his tailor, who suspected that his peculiar style of politeness covered an inability to pay, and a smile, and subsequent "cut" from all his reputable friends.

At length, a "lark" in which the Tuft and his hunter took part, produced the expulsion of both. But its effects were very different upon each. The Tuft was well supported by wealth, but his hunter had run over a respectable parish functionary in his expenditure very often, and left Alma Mater in crippled circumstances. He had, however, so implicit a faith in nobility, that he assured his family that nothing was more "brickish" than expulsion, and that it would save him an anxious walk in the Pig Market,* further comforting

* The cloisters under the Bodleian, where candidates "funk" previously to the public examination, and amidst the compassionate exhortations of their friends to "keep the *pecker up*."

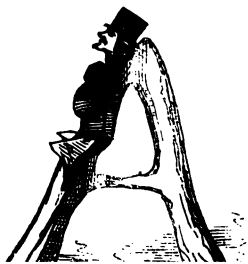
bore evidence.

But although he had given up wha
intended to pursue, he was by no n
posed to lay aside his darling profess
little gold tassel glittered still before
and he followed it with as much p
as if it had been a mysterious, unsoci
of ghost in a melodrama. Tuft a
hunter seemed to have grown nec
each other, and the one felt almost
pleasure in flattering, as the other
flattered. Mr. De Vernon Plantagen
still spends half the year at Codshea
and the

seedy, whence we conclude that business begins to grow unprofitable, and that he will gradually collapse into a mere "gent," and talk of Lords as things that once were.

CHAPTER IV.

OF PROFESSIONAL TUFT HUN



LTHO
abstrac
Tuft-h
general
ated wi
amount
laziness
would-if

little sagacity to perceive that Tuft-hunting is at all events a large ingredient in the composition of the law, physic, and other recondite sciences.

It is amusing to see a young "gent" hunt Tufts at college, in order to "doctor" them, when the addition to his name of two ominous-looking initials shall have given him legal right to cure, kill, and anatomize her Majesty's servants (we don't mean the players of the *National* Theatre), as occasion may demand. And then, what a sleek and dapper creature is the fashionable physician! With words and step as regular as the plaits of his own shirt-front, he trips lightly into the room, where the Lady Belvidera Belinda Fitzlanguish reclines gracefully on the graceful *fauteuil*, and sighs forth her piteous complaint in scraps from "La Figlia" of last night. The doctor waits till the notes of Donizetti die away in the pastilled breeze of the boudoir, and taking *off his* faultless glove, feels the fair pulse that

ɜ physician—[illegible]
ows that fair nobility is seldom well exce
ıen interestingly ill; and so he prescrib
st to one who never works, nourishment
e who never has an appetite through exce
luxury, and a little healthy excitement
ıe who sees fearful melo-dramatic oper
ree times a week, and turns night into d
ıring the rest.

And then the doctor goes to another fashio
ɔle patient, an old Lord, one whom the lad
ıll a "naughty" man. He is in great d
ess because the gout prevented his atter
ıg the ballet last night, and is reading

laugh, and chat, the doctor flatters, and the old Lord chuckles, till at last a sudden twitch produces a grimace quite as inimitable as one

of Farren's as Lord Ogleby, and flannels and hot water put Giselle and Undine out of all thought or imagination.

quiet, plain, and ——— ,
h small eyes, and a back literally be
numerous bows made daily to his
s suit is black; he goes regularly t
rish church which his Tuft's tenantry
ent, and reads the clerk out of counter
e never smiles except when his Lor
izards a joke, and keeps his countenan
ell under command, that you would
hink each feature and muscle had beer
ately drilled to the service. He is the r
nemy of farmers and tenants, altho
shakes hands with both on a canvassir
for that is a great day for your Tuft-
———— ——— ——— ——— ——— ———

it is who gives twenty pounds for a couple of terrier puppies, because he has taken a fancy, not to them, but to the vote of the chandler, whose wife sells them. He it is who gives ten pounds to the younger son in corduroys to buy cakes with. The younger son cries when the money is taken away from him as soon as the lawyer's back is turned, and, poor fellow! sees no policy at all in such conduct. Then the Tuft-hunting lawyer "coaches" his Lordship in little matters of politics, jurisprudence, and patriotism. He writes paragraphs in county journals, and "supports" his Lordship on the hustings. To say the truth, this class of Tuft-hunters, half lawyer, half politician, does more real work than any other species, and, from the ascendancy they acquire, these men are most frequently rewarded by subordinate situations, in which they are likely to be useful, without becoming powerful enough to be independent.

But political Tuft-hunting is not confined

ıen " rather
tters are too dull for our present subj

CHAPTER V.

OF TUFT-HUNTING AUTHORS.

IT is curious, but nevertheless a fact, that scarcely a novel is written, but the heroes and heroines are all aristocratic. The writer, perhaps, lives in the fifth story of a house in some retired court in London, with no prospect but the chimney-pots and tiles, varied by an

plete with the villanous compound of tc
as, and other elements of London exi
a dull sound of traffic below, resemblir
istant roar of the sea, is agreeably dive
y the wrangling altercation of two c
pposite roofs, and the occasional rattlir
room in a chimney pot. The room is
and dingy-looking, and its furniture ar
in that peculiar style known only to a
The breakfast things remain till tea tir
hapless and uncomfortable confusion
floor is covered with books, play-bil
perhaps half blocked up by a gigantic

Society. In this dull room, and by that meagre, pale object in the dirty and ill-arranged robe-de-chambre, are those fashionable novels concocted, in which not a single creature mentioned has less than four thousand a year. It is surprising that from this dismal room and more wretched prospect, marble halls and bronzed staircases, gilt equipages and luxurious opera boxes, should be conceived. Here is a man who never sees any woman from his window but the virago laundress next door, and yet forms on paper legions of beauty, clothed in the raiment of fashion, and petted and spoiled by the luxury of home or the flattery of the world. Such is the spirit of Tuftyism, that a man will rather associate his mind and pen with ideal peers and peeresses, than condescend to write on real subjects within his own experience; and hence spring the amusing ideas of nobility on the stage, where we see such images of aristocracy as can

ıt is the stage nobility of such wri

without dignity, whose whole wit consists in the length of their waistcoats and the shortness of their coats, flippant young ladies ready to run off with every sharper or trifler the fertile mind of the author chooses to create, speculating dowagers and scandalous widows make up the *repertoire* of our fashionable comedy. It is said that genteel comedy is growing out of fashion. Not so; it is that comedies begin to lack gentility, and we, for our part, would rather listen to a really clever and brilliant farce or a dashing extravaganza, than to a namby-pamby string of five farces, yclept a comedy, but destitute of character or connexion.

But among all slow things, and they are pretty numerous, nothing can equal a novel written with a merely aristocratic tone. Punch has done so much of late towards reducing such books to their proper level, that we will let them alone; but not before we give a table

Two [illegible],

urishing debts.

Two sons of ditto, who have expensiv
istocratic tastes, without the means of
fying them.

Two rich heiresses, of rather city pare
ith money enough to satisfy anybody
ay any debts on earth.

Two card-playing duchesses, to mak
hief.

Two benevolent anybodies, to cou
he card-playing duchesses.

Twelve pounds of small talk and tw

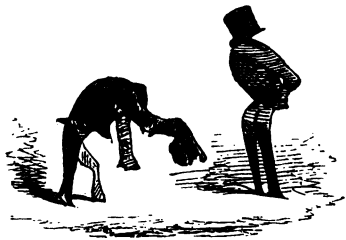
Twenty-four French phrases, such a

And a little—mind, a very little—fraction of common sense, just sufficient to make people wonder how it got into such company.

What shall we say of Tuft-hunting journals and paragraph writers? Truly they belong to the worst order of Tuft-hunting, since they detail facts under so artificial a covering, that they sometimes extend their own absurdities to the world at large. It is really too bad, that a title should hinder a lady from wearing a dress at a ball, without it being deliberately unpicked on paper for the amusement of small Tufties. It is too bad that the "leader" should be shrivelled up, the "Answers to Correspondents" postponed, and important intelligence omitted or rendered unintelligibly brief, in order to inform us of the number of grouse killed by Lord Blunderbuss, or to make way for illustrations of a progress through half-a-dozen country towns.

The palmy days of prefaces and dedications are gone by; no one will read the former, or

nfort.



CHAPTER VI.

OF SOME HABITS OF TUFT-HUNTERS.

WHEN we had put this title to our chapter, we felt surprised at our own temerity, and wondered what could have made us think of attempting to describe the habits of a set of men, who have really no habits but those of their Tufts, and whose dispositions must therefore be perpetually on the change, and as impossible to discover, as the use of the Strand Theatre, or the meaning of some speeches at Exeter Hall.

enable our readers to distinguish
tolerable accuracy, and to shun an
them accordingly.

In the first place, a Tuft-hunte
ease. If he is in the society of
equals, he is uncomfortable, becau
surrounded by noblemen. If he
pany with his Tuft, he is equally
and dreads that an involuntary l
joke of some other person in con
rebellious affectation of having an
his own respecting a waistcoat, m
from the society of the great man

Opera, because the Marquis of Loveleggs once took him behind the scenes. If you talk of eating, he never knows any dish that has an English name, but descants at length upon *Chablis*, or *paté de foie gras*, and asks you if you ever dealt with Lopresti. In dress, he is even more amusing. He wouldn't know a pair of boots but as Prince of Wales', or any other aristocratic appellative. He measures gentility by calculating how much thicker one's waist is than Lord Leneslippe's, and his whole ideal of female beauty is regulated by a comparison with the Lady Flabella Rougement. With regard to the fine arts, a picture is never valuable, in his estimation, till it finds its way into the collection of a nobleman; and he prefers family portraits with bob-wigs to the finest landscape by Claude.

His religion consists in thinking the service in his lordship's chapel a very slow affair, but quite respectable and correct. He will speak *to a clergyman*, if he be of good family, and

State, though wise people dou
of either; and he thinks that
would be quite proper, if he c
the same bench with his Tuft.

His acquirements are regul
or ability, and we have seen v
Tuft-hunters. But these deser
blame than the shallow set wh
up the great mass, and we can
thing more contemptible than
fine talents in so unprofitable a
pursuit.

If the Tuft-hunter has a fam
tie a—

run some chance of meeting with a titled suitor in the brother of a school-fellow. The servants, who generally form their behaviour upon that of their master, are either supercilious or impudent, according to whom they address. But let a Tuft or Tuftess approach the door, and they become as humble as a stage-lover, and as troublesome and officious as the attendants in a haberdasher's shop.

But if a Tuft-hunter wishes to marry, it is surprising to see the sacrifices he and his relations will make to obtain an aristocratic alliance. Stores of wealth, realized from countless Dutch cheeses and endless tubs of Yarmouth bloaters, are brought into play, and the city millionaire determines to "spare no expense," as the playbills say, in the "getting up" of the family name and connexions. At length, the Lady Bella, fifteenth daughter of the Earl of Runtoseedie, takes pity upon the longing of her Tufty suitor, and having be-

stowed half his wealth in jointures, c
sions, and loans, our Tuft-hunter, pr
the honour, leads the Lady Bella to the
Now, there are some marriages made b
people who marry through l

the Tuftess. The bride heartily despises her husband; and the husband cares nothing about his bride, beyond the pleasure of reading the announcement of his marriage in the papers.

ife entertains them at home, and lose
usband's money to their wives.

CHAPTER VII.

OF "IMAGINARY" TUFT-HUNTERS.

BAD as are the Tuft-hunters who are tolerated by some nobility, there is a yet more contemptible race of those who practise Tuft-hunting without possessing the least acquaintance with the aristocracy, or who, upon the strength of having stood next to a lord at a concert, claim a familiar hand-and-glove association with the same.

nine o'clock for [illegible]
informed us that he was going to vi
Square." We wondered much wh
of Grosvenor square rose thus earl
astonished at the magnitude of o
breakfasting-out connexion. But
subsided into a very different feelin
found that the breakfast in Grosv
covered a visit, of a commercial de
an upholsterer's in Regent street.

Another acquaintance used to e
he knew with the story of Lord F
horse, and what the aforesaid lord
at the races, and what fine cham

they do not pass it current under their own name, but stamp their bad coinage with the title of some "nob," who bears a reputation for wit; thereby proving that Sheridan is not the only victim to fathering the offspring of small punsters.

A practical joke is also a great point, and an Oxford Tuft-hunter would dwell with delight upon the noble exploits of some expelled "Tuft." He will tell of the brave heroes who rose at dead of night, with tufted caps and silken gowns, and spirits for the fight, how they with pokers armed, the "dons" at twelve alarmed; and how when they with drink far gone, lay senseless, obfuscated, the proctor and his "dogs" came up, and they were rusticated.

Better still is the tremendous *sang-froid* with which men who were never at Oxford or Cambridge in their lives, talk of their "larks" there with lords and marquises, and having

memory and impudence, as thoroughb
ford "swells." For their edification,
of the world, we exhort every univers
to abuse and kick them whenever h
with such counterfeits.

know lords themselves, but who know somebody that does. Such "snobs" always speak of "a cove they know that's as thick with Lord —— as if they were brothers," or else of what Lord —— said to a friend of theirs about the Marquis of ——.

But the lowest set of all—those who are even scarcely respectable enough for the society of the other Tuft-hunters—are those "gents" who claim an acquaintance with the servants of the aristocracy, and who pride themselves upon knowing Lord Hedgeandditche's whipper-in, and Count de Villeduste's groom. The talk of such men is always of the stable, and such characters are easily discovered among "gents" of a sporting tendency.

They may be found sometimes in that anomalous and equivocal region denominated a "mews" in London. This is usually a long, narrow court with stable-doors and narrow windows abounding in very red flowerpots

n-perpendicular props, upon which
nd quilts of an indefinite variety of
nd pattern annoy the heads of inexper
assengers, and are peculiarly offensiv
efractory quadruped, who has taken l
eave of his stable. Pumps, and cocl
ens, complete the scene, while gaunt, stu
our-story-high-without-attic houses
bove the stable roofs on either side, an
tually prevent any admission of air t
horses, or fowls.

In this murky atmosphere the s
species of Tuft-hunter rejoices to tarry.
anxious care he hearkens to the pr

the groom, and feels nearly as much "the thing," as if he were seated *vis-a-vis* to the *Duke of* Pall Mall, sipping Lafitte from a

ARMS

CHAPTER VIII.

OF TUFT-HUNTING MAMMAS.

E now come to a more interesting subject, the Tuft-hunting mammas; but grieved as we are to make ladies the subject of satire in any shape, we cannot show more mercy to a female Tuft-hunter, than to the male of the same wretched species.

The true Tuft-hunting mamma is generally a *lady of* a "certain age," with a very high

since childhood. Three of them, v
won't say how many years di
twenty, are resolved that nothing
coronet or a Ladyship shall ever t
into the indiscretion of marrying.
a fair creature of eighteen, is great
by her sisters for the crime of
youngest, and entertaineth romanti
ensigns on half pay, and interes
gentlemen with small dependencie
also great desire to have a clandest
ment, like Lydia Languish, and run
a heroine in one of Mr. Bourcica
dies. She worketh initials of chaw

up in her bedroom every night, and never lets her walk in the "square" unless in safe keeping. Yet we shouldn't be surprised to see her name in the Morning Post some of these days, under the head, "elopement in high life," for

:y his decent appear-
o the dining-room window. Several subs
:ial offers of marriage have been declined
the other sisters, at the instigation of t
mother, who was formerly Lady Mayo
and recollects too well the delight with w
she first felt herself addressed as My Lad
dream of debarring her daughters from
same pleasure. For our part, we fear
while the Ladyship is insisted upon thus
tinaciously, our ladies will collapse into
very respectable, but much shunned st
old maidishness, and that the late trip t
'-rne shows that they entertain similar

authoress of "Ducks and Dears," and "George de Vivianne, or the Faithful Inconstant," by the author of "Scraps of High Life," "The Duchess," "Patrician Revenge," &c. &c. In fact she prefers French novels, as being more improving and moral than English, but hath a great dread of Eugene Sue because he is "so very radical." She goeth often to the St. James', but prefers Perlet to Rachel. She hath weak nerves, and is in a fearful state of excitement whenever an "interesting event" is anticipated in the papers. She cannot bear the sight of rags or distress, but giveth freely to charities that are "well supported." Her daughters are perfect champions of fancy fairs, and paint more flowered screens, make more card racks, and distribute more tracts than all their acquaintance; while the mother subscribes handsomely to every "testimonial" given to an Italian singer.

At a ball, rout, (a rather bygone affair in these days,) or evening party, your Tuft-hunt-

souvenir de danse of each of her ... and notes down the men whose rank ... tune may qualify them for partners ... dance of—marriage. But woe bet ... younger brothers! Woe betide the m ... have generous hearts, fine persons, ... titles! We remember a friend of our ... phus Fitzclarence Charlestown Bum ... son of the Earl of Bumble, who use ... that he made a point never to mak ... in a family wherein there was a Tuf ... mamma. After this example, "ladies ... Another friend, the Duke of Mode ... never allowed h

other public places. She goeth to the Royal Academy, and findeth likenesses to aristocratic friends in every "Portrait of a Gentleman." She remarketh how like Brutus Lord Killandcutte is, the nobleman in question being at her elbow. She liketh portraits of young ladies and gentlemen nursing dogs and kissing puppies, with aristocratic names underneath, and she sendeth once a week to Colnaghi's for the new portraits of Prince Albert and "The Duke." She loveth Heath's book of beauty, because the beauties are all genteel; but hateth vulgar rustics, and can't think how people can admire Wilkie.

The Tuft-huntress thrives best as a widow; and, to make a fearful pun, her ill "weeds" grow apace. If she hath sons, she generally allows them to hunt down their acquaintance in order to keep them out of the way; if not, she is in her full glory, and layeth nets for her daughters and herself. Distraction!—while we are *writing* this, a messenger comes with

able Augustus Tippetywitch. T
in confusion; Lady De Smyth
loudly, and calleth for hartshor
daughter. The other three Miss
sob—because they are not on th
and old Lord Tippetywitch swear
all accomplices in marrying his s
got no money, to an heiress in th
dition. We write in haste, for f
should get into the papers first.
saw it all.

To return from this melancholy
the Tuft-huntress hath but few of

nine women, and men whose whole essence is made up of their waistcoats, ties, and titles, are the encyclopædia of human nature which she studies. Her taste, like that of the Tuft-hunter, is never independent, but always vitiated by the glitter of fashion. And here we would observe that fashion is the cause of all the evils attendant upon society. Without it, we should have no "gents," "snobs," "stuck-up people," or "Tuft-hunters." Their whole aim is to be "the thing," to come "up to the mark," or "ticket," to "come out strong," "cut a dash," "make a hit," and all the vulgar things to which the vulgar words of hybrid society have given names.

It is for this reason that we find the Tuft-huntress a perfect slave to milliners and bonnet makers. Of course she doesn't go to Cranbourn alley (or street); but she proceeds to some fashionable-looking shop in Regent street, where there is no danger of being followed over the pavement, and annoyed by a

fair daughters, ascendeth to the "
of what seemeth like an elegant p
dence. Then cometh the grand
about the bonnets, somewhat to t
effect: . .

Tuft-hunting Mamma. "Wel
what colour shall these bonnets b

First Daughter. "I prefer pin
samy looked quite fascinating
terday."

Mamma. "Yes, but she's onl
wife, and her taste is therefore n

Second Daughter. "For my

aristocracy wear, whether it's pretty or not!"

Fourth and youngest Daughter. "I don't see the use of that at all."

Mamma. "Be silent, you naughty girl, how should you know anything about gentility? What colour must it be?"

Fourth Daughter. "Let them be white, Ma! Oh, I saw such a dear, darling white bonnet at the Haymarket, the other evening!"

All the three Sisters together. For shame, child!"

Fourth Daughter. "I'm no more a child than you, but you're all three *old* enough to know better."

Dead silence, indignation, and determination to wait till lady Sheapsheere comes, and abide by her taste.

Such is the anxiety about dressing aristocratically, and such are the heartburnings which vex the bosoms of our Tuft-hunting fair ones. Furniture is a subject of equal anxiety, and it is a known fact that Tuftesses

Furniture Mart and [illegible]
tion of *prie-dieux*, *causeuse*, *dormeuse*,
clocks that tell any hour of day but t
one, tables as useless as the Wellington
and nearly as ridiculous; *bagatelles* c
form, size, and species, which are colle
gether by the ingenuity of our Tuft-
mamma.

But what shall we say of the da
Simply that they are what their educ
made them—stiff, pert, and disagreeal
are tricked out with a view to disp
all their own sex, and despise half
[illegible] dictates of the heart they

tility; educated, but yet more ignorant; thrust into society, and *tolerated* therein. In short, the practice of Tuft-hunting makes a man a fool, but what it makes of the other sex, we can neither discover nor say. Perhaps they form a fresh class of female "bores."

How is it that we never
cravat, stock, shirt, or an
article of dress, without a f
able and aris
name? Why
names of
employed to
guish things
elegant no
and to
waistcoat
which no

their customers, and hunt Tufts, after their fashion, as well as their betters.

The other day we stepped, by some unforeseen accident, into a very large, plate-glass-

the ceremonies, to welcome two lad
just descended from their carriage
a bland smile commended them to
two young men, respectable enou
been better employed. Then the
shawls and bonnets, ribbons and fi
the eternal reiteration of "My La
Ladyship," in every variety of to
quotation of Duchess' names, who l
a whole piece the very day before,
ships, whose complexion so res
complexion of the fair customers l
It was endless to listen, so we

cepted. In a dashing front first-floor apartment, bedecked with mahogany chairs, and with a *cheval* glass frowning with blank dignity upon the stone walls and Tudor windows opposite,—here lie an assemblage of caps of all grades of university society. The cloth caps lie in a dense heap in sober sadness, and as if wondering what strange heads they may hereafter be doomed to cover. On a chair lies, exclusive and sublime to behold, the dreadful tufted cap, exulting in its ounce of gold fringe, which is to bring tutors to a level, tradesmen's noses to their feet, and to transfix the delighted gaze of the Tuft-hunter. Here is the great warehouse of badges; nobility and commonalty are created by nature, but it is the tailor who licks them into shape, and gives them their distinctions.

As the tailor is the great maker of "Tufts," so he hunteth them most savagely. He nameth strange creations in drugget after my Lord ——, *of* Trin. Coll., Camb., and suspicious

their names to suits, [illegible]
prefer a respectable policeman's atti
park-keeper's livery.

CHAPTER X.

OF TUFT-HUNTERS, HISTORICALLY CONSIDERED.

IF any reader should find fault with us for not commencing with the ancient history of Tuft-hunting, we can only excuse ourselves by observing, that so many writers have adopted the principle of beginning at the beginning, that we thought a change of treatment was for its own sake desirable,

But we have said that ...
ancient practice, and as we scorn to say
thing without proof, we will produce hist
examples of Tuft-hunting and Tuft-hu
from the remotest periods of the ancien
mediæval world.

An enlightened modern traveller, wh
once a member of the British and F
——, assures us that he met with the
ing inscription, embedded in a damp
chaff, in the Island of Humbuggeia,
Ægean Sea.

for the rest was destroyed by age and damp. We are surprised this inestimable monument has never found its way into the British Museum, especially as it tends so evidently to show that man has always been the same creature.

We have no doubt that it was an inscription in honour of Aristotle, and its being found in a field of "chaff" strengthens the belief. It is well known that this great philosopher was a great Tuft-hunter in his way, being tutor to a king, who, when the philosopher was going to talk fine ethics, politics, poetics, analytics, and other ticks, (for the king had to pay for the publication, no doubt, and would probably have run a large account with our respected printer, Mr. Savill, had he lived in this day,) always bade him "cut it short." Socrates was rather a Tuft-hunter too, and used to be snubbed by one Alcibiades on account of his nose. Plato, a man of good family himself, but with a slight touch of the boa-constrictor

But those
amusement must be well aware of t
tiquity of humbug of every kind. J
was decidedly an old humbug, or he
never have witnessed the Greeks and T
fighting for ten years about nothing, lik
contending for a marrow-bone. Yet J
and his court had their Tuft-hunters;
was the light-fingered skipjack Mercu
ready to fetch and carry from one to
a kind of winged Parcels Delivery ag
ready to "cut" his friend Prometh
quarrelling with the great Tuft,
There was Momus, too, a kind of pa

his low calling, he was in great request among the drinking and swearing Tufts, and was asked out to "wines" very frequently, on account of his prodigious talents in mixing punch and smoking "weeds." His wife, Libera, so called from her "free-and-easy" manner towards customers, was a smart, dashing little body, with a bunch of keys at her girdle, and a head-dress of grapes. The Tufts, gents, and other anomalous deities, were extremely partial to the "house," but the irregular conduct of the company who frequented it, was scandalous even in Olympus. However, as all the gods were in his debt, they were obliged to make the best of it, and be silent. It chanced that Hercules was once going home from a party in the vale of Tempe, a sort of mythological Cremorne Gardens, being much the worse for sundry glasses of pale ale and brandy (for he always took his spirits "neat"); on turning a corner, he met

Lyceum, and was puffing away at a penny Cuba which he had procured out of the change which his mamma Venus had given him for the night's pleasure. Hercules, staggering against a post, asked him "what was the row?" To which Cupid replied by jerking a strong puff (as strong as a penny cigar will bear) into the face of the hero, at the same time winking one eye with a downy sort of expression. Hercules sneezed vehemently, put himself into a very effective attitude of defence, and offered to fight Cupid for Love. Our young "gent" rather shirked this, and professed an instinctive dislike to fighting in general. At length, it was amicably arranged that they should go halves in a cab to the inn kept by Bacchus, and "make a night of it," Cupid further expressing a resolution not to "go home till morning." As they were going along, Hercules recollected that he had already a small "chalk" at the inn, and expressed a

in his pockets [illegible]
that he had lost the whole of his last
allowance by betting against the "fi
Pegasus at the last Derby, in comp
two medical students, yclept Podal
Machaon. He, however, bade Herc
himself easy about the matter, fo
Bacchus allowed free "tick" to hin
never paid for anything, he couldn'
refuse it to Hercules, who had a fair
for honesty; furthermore assertin
didn't mind standing treat for both
not the least intention of paying f
[illegible] Hercules was greatly sc

but two gentlemen with their "little accounts." Hercules looked rather sour at this, and began to meditate "turning on" a neighbouring river upon the premises; but wisely reflecting that he should himself get wet, he desisted, and remained looking like a man who is asked for a bill. Cupid, who was a great deal more used to such demands, looked at the vintner with scorn, and asked him how he dared charge three-halfpence for his infernal British weed. "To-Bacch-e-e, three bob-and-a-tiz-zy!" lisped out our young swell, and hence the weed derived its name of Tobacco, and, in allusion to the non-payment of certain bills by this flash young "gent" the cry of I. O. Bacche, grew nearly as famous as the celebrated three letters used among money-borrowing acquaintances. It is said that Cupid, disgusted at the amount, politely expressed a wish that Bacchus might live till he got paid, and walked out with his companion on his arm; when, after pulling

locked up by a g[illegible]
who took them before Sir Peter Rhad
the next morning. Both were fined
lings, which was not "instantly p
our "gents" were therefore locked
fault.

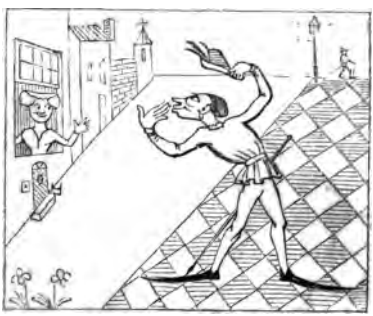
Apologising for this digression,
observe that Tuft-hunting was by
confined to the gods of the ancients.
were fair specimens. Pindar, for i
lineal ancestor of the great Pet
ballads, like Noisy Jack, upon t
horses or pet boxers of his aristocr
[illegible] although a water-drinking g

mistaking his head for a stone, (or a Poor Law Commissioner, we forget which,) dropped a tortoise upon it, and killed him; thereby proving that a tortoise-shell comb may be too heavy even for the head of a poet.

But if we come to the "good old times" of which quizzes love to talk—the happy days when there were no morning concerts, no Casinos, no "gents," Trafalgar Squares, or gaunt pillories 'yclept monuments, on which an unfortunate statue of an unfortunate great man is doomed to stand looking at nothing—no savage-coated human monsters, nor ingenious authors to write their natural history—no ballet girls, nor painted shirts—no Jenny Lind to charm the senses and the purses of a whole country—in those "glorious old days" such as Macaulay would describe, when all was poetry, Spanish armada, and bear-baiting—in those days of hoops and stiff collars, Tuft-hunting flourished gloriously. Fairfax

the modern race; Sir [illegible]

MSS. the other day, we met with the following curious illumination:—



How ye tufte and ye tufte. hunterre were walkynge downe Bonde his streete, and how ye tufte saw his ladye love at a windowe.

The undoubted age of the manuscript, and the peculiar style of its orthography, prove the antiquity of Tuft-hunting beyond all doubt, and show that the follies of mankind have been pretty much the same at all periods of history.

CHAPTER XI.

OF TUFT-HUNTERS AT THE PRESEI

IT is said that everything
ment-works always ex
brougl
greate
tion i

large street-doors; we have Macready and Phelps "doing" tragedy at two houses, and a number of people trying to do it at others. We have weekly volumes and monthly volumes, penny almanacks, and penny everything-elses, exhibitions without number, tunnels without end, books with or without purpose (the latter generally translated from the German), amusing tragedies and melancholy farces, "gents'" and cheap tailors, "stuck up people" and low-priced pokers from Rippon and Burton's; ballet girls and opera glasses, new Royal Exchanges, and oil-cloth frescoes. In fact, everything swims around us in one sea of exaggerated perfection. The print shops dazzle us with their endless portraits of Giselle, "bore" us with Field Marshals, and terrify us with snow and rein deer. The hand-organs benumb our senses, and Jullien electrifies them. Walk down Piccadilly or the Strand, and (if you don't break your legs over the wood pavement before you reach the end,

stranger, and ... .
new and excessive changes since
passed that way.

No wonder, then, that Tuft-hunte
flourish also, flourish in greater perfe
was ever known before. Nobility
its numbers, new tufts are made, nev
licensed, and, as a natural consequer
race of Tuft-hunters spring up.
progresses, and Tuft-hunting follow
Railway *millionaires* start into a
istence, and purchase society with i
A large house, huge gold chain,
plausibility, render the *parvenu*

but preserveth his sordid passion for wealth. His establishment is like modern confectionary —all show and plaster-of-Paris: but in his crowd of worthless adherents and Tuft-hunting flatterers, he rivals every peer of his acquaintance.

All trades and professions join in the "tally-ho" after Tufts, and the world scrambles along in the *mighty* race, some nearer, some more

dining the ...
now he yields, bland and patronising
suffers himself to be disgraced for t
sion—and so the Tufts, and the w
them, scamper away together, an
matter whither.

Reader, are you a Tuft-hunter?
tion is abrupt, perhaps harsh. I
you deserve no apology; if not, y
feel offended, and will, therefore
any. But, reader, dear, kind,
reader, we exhort thee by all the
treaties ever found in prefaces to l
or "tags" to modern comedies-

natural consequence thereof, is the universal desire of people to seem richer than they are. This springs from the "snobbish" character of society, which weighs virtue by the same scale as that by which it detects a light sovereign. "All humbug, all humbug," says one of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's heroes. "All money, all money," say the world. A good man is a rich man; a good woman, a widow with a large jointure and no incumbrances; a good maiden, a ward in Chancery, or a shrivelled West Indian heiress. As gold is virtue, so the possession of it is identical with the enjoyment of every virtue of mind and prowess of body.

This species of humbug leads men to pinch their necessary expenses, and practise any meanness in the economy of their establishments, in order to make a show, and that they may seem to smack of high life. Thus a clerk on eighty pounds a year goes once or twice to the "stalls" of the Theatre, and pays double

spoilt, but the ... may chance to sit near Lord ——, a his Lordship's remarks upon the d order to retail them to his less aristo equally vulgar companions.

For the same reason we see Chine and wire bridges reared in gardens to East End folk; who astonish th bours, by copying the designs of dens and the Pavilion; thereby price of many good acres, and kitchen upon true Chinese diet.

We live in an artificial state of ... when every one tries to b

the Tuft-hunter springs. His career is one of meanness and endless concessions to what better judgment would condemn; and he lives under a shadow of his own raising, dancing attendance night and day upon a being who despises him for his politeness, and yet lacks courage to cast off the incumbrance, sweetened as it is by flattery and deference.

OF THE MEANS REQUISITE FOR THE EX
OF TUFT-HUNTERS.

AS it is of lit
point out
without s
some e
remedy, w
before ot
certain ru
duct, w
have sc
may ulti

flourished, so the Tuft-hunters may, even in our time, be spoken of as belonging to the indications of an obsolete, ill-favoured period of society.

The public spirit of society at large is indeed the only cure for these excrescences upon its body corporate. Let the Tuft-hunter be regarded and treated as a disreputable person, and he will sink into insignificance. If you meet a Tuft-hunter in company, show yourself utterly unconscious of his presence, and pay the strictest possible attention to every other surrounding object, how insignificant soever. He will straightway begin to fidget, and strive to attract your notice, and perhaps enter into conversation, for he loveth display as much as the "gent." Of course, he will not speak ten words without mentioning his acquaintance with a nobleman. If the Lordship in question be a favourable specimen of nobility—though the odds are as much against that as against the chance of seeing a decent public building set on foot by the taste of a

Lord faileth, he will ...,
haps an Earl. Look doubly supercilious
doubtful, and say nothing still. Disgu
the uselessness of a "nobby" acquai
the Tuft-hunter will quit your side in d
and perhaps be so much out of hum
whole evening, that he will not be
annoy any one else. A repetition of s
haviour will spoil his whole out-door
at least.

If you meet a Tuft-hunter dressed
ridiculous costume, and lounging ar
cally, (according to *his* idea,) look at
... stare, and give a look of

introduce you, express a decided objection to forcing yourself upon any man, to whose acquaintance you have no claim, and with whose circumstances you cannot cope on an independent and gentlemanly footing.

belief that the drama is on the decline,
a Tuft-hunter tells you the aristocracy
deserted it. If they have done so, the gr
their shame; if they have not, 'tis a fa
cant of bad managers, bad actors, and v
authors. If you consider that a fashio
coat is more suited to an excavator, a v
coat more fitting a "gent" in an Ac
farce, a pair of railway trousers more f
keeping the draught out of a room,
"tie" more serviceable to hang the biped
it is meant to adorn—do not be persu
wear these garments, because a Tuft
tells you he saw the Count Montmug
precisely the same habiliments; and
to seem fit for the

Army List, or Peerage, especially the latter, talk immediately upon some sensible subject, and he wont trouble you long.

Above all, if he makes free with the names of the gentler portion of nobility, and boasts of the notice with which Lady —— or the Countess of —— honours him; regard him as an impertinent coxcomb, and treat him ac-

with even greater ...
or brand him as an impostor.

If your Tuft-hunter entertain you *on dits* and interesting affairs on the *ta* *éclaircissements*, tell him that you rea whole in the paper. He will be half n find himself forestalled in a bit of scanda will eagerly demand in what journal yo the affair. Be sure to forget; and to o that you have no time to attend to no whether it happen to be in one paper other.

If you see two Tuft-hunters toge them alone. Each injures the other in and the closer they herd, the surer

all people who talk about making use of the Duke of ——'s box, in order to hear Alboni.

Give the dead cut to the man who treats you coldly, because he has a peer on his arm.

Tradesmen, if you have a Tuft-hunter on your books, make up your minds that your chance of getting your money is much smaller than your somewhat natural desire to do so —and act accordingly.

But ye noblemen—how shall I address *you* on this subject? You do not indeed make Tuft-hunters, but you foster them, and are guilty of their error by connivance.

If you would avoid them, detest all cringing flattery and meanness, and believe that they can never make you more than men, though they may render you less. Choose your acquaintances, dependents if you will, not by their impudent assumption of your attributes, their shameless profession of your follies, but by their own value as men. Choose them

culous.

What shall we say to the world at l
Tuft-hunting is part of their vanity, an
is great enough. Yet, is there a man
does not express the most cordial detes
for Tuft-hunting, although his own pr
condemn his words? Politicians ta
equalization of rights, and public
and then dine with peers, and sell
selves, and their constituents. Editor
of nature, liberty, religion, and fashi
the same page, as if they were na
associated. Even the Church has its f
and people whose whole life is one of
lessness, if not profligacy, enter warm
questions of Church and State, an

and against Tuft-hunters, and our artist has assisted us in exposing this race of humbugs to the scorn of mankind. But do we believe that we shall reform the world, and abolish Tuft-hunting? Sincerely, then, we do not.

NOT

Price One Shilling.

THE COMIC ALMANACK

FOR 1848.

EDITED BY HORACE MAYHEW,

AND

Illustrated by George Cruikshank.

PROFUSELY EMBELLISHED BY

STEEL PLATES AND WOODCUTS.

PUBLISHED BY D. BOGUE, FLEET STREET;

And Sold Everywhere.

BAL MAS

OR

A Night with Ju

BY THE COUNT CI

ILLUSTRATED BY GAVARNI, HENI

CONTENTS.

Chapter I.—Introdu

Progressive Revelations on Masks ar
with pithy dissertations—*à quoi bon*

Chapter II.—The Bal Masqu

Its Effect is made surprising, by all
which propitiates the public, and att

Chapter III.—The M

Chapter V.—Preparations Individual.

ney Raising, Ticket Buying, and most Amazing Costumes trying.

Chapter VI.—The Theatre by Day.

parations Managerial, Chandelerial, and Carpenterial.

Chapter VII.—The Toilet.

Costuming, Assuming, Fuming, and Perfuming.

Chapter VIII.—The Departure.

Directions Vehicular, and Observations Particular.

hap. IX.—Le Bal Masque!!! Vive la Danse!!!

rous Sight, Blaze of Light, Maskers Coldness turns to Boldness; then to Leaguing and Intriguing.

Chapter X.—The Supper.

Mastication, Flirtation, Inebriation, and Disputation.

Chapter XI.—Encore, la Danse!!! !!! !!!

ntinuation, Consternation, Crimination, & Botheration.

Chapter XII.—The Return.

w sundry Folks get home: how sundry others roam—nd how and where, and in what plight, the latter pass he night.

Chapter XIII.—The next Day.

flection and Correction by Conviction and Infliction.

Chapter XIV.—Finale.

n Conclusion, this Effusion, sums up by way of *the Ins and Outs, and Round-abouts and Pinches.*

THE SPORTING ALM

AND DIAR

FOR 1848.

With Twelve Illustrations of th
of the Months,

ENGRAVED BY H. BECKWIT

LIST OF RACES FO

Price One Shilling.

ESTIC BLISS:

IN SIX PLATES.

INING UPWARDS OF SIXTY LAUGHABLE
JBJECTS ON THE VARIOUS PHASES
OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

Octavo, Sewed in an Ornamental Wrapper.

Also, a Companion,

ESTIC MISERIES:

IN SIX PLATES.

NTINUATION OF THE SAME SUBJECT.

Sold Everywhere.

A New Fairy T

BY THE BROTHERS

AUTHORS OF

"THE GOOD GENIUS THAT TURNED EVE

With Illustrations by GEORGE

PRICE ONE SHILLI

A BOWL OF

BY ALBERT SM

Profusely Illustrated by A.

PRICE ONE SHILL

A ROMANCE OF A

An Incident in the Life of